

THE GOAT

"A" "H Q" "B"

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

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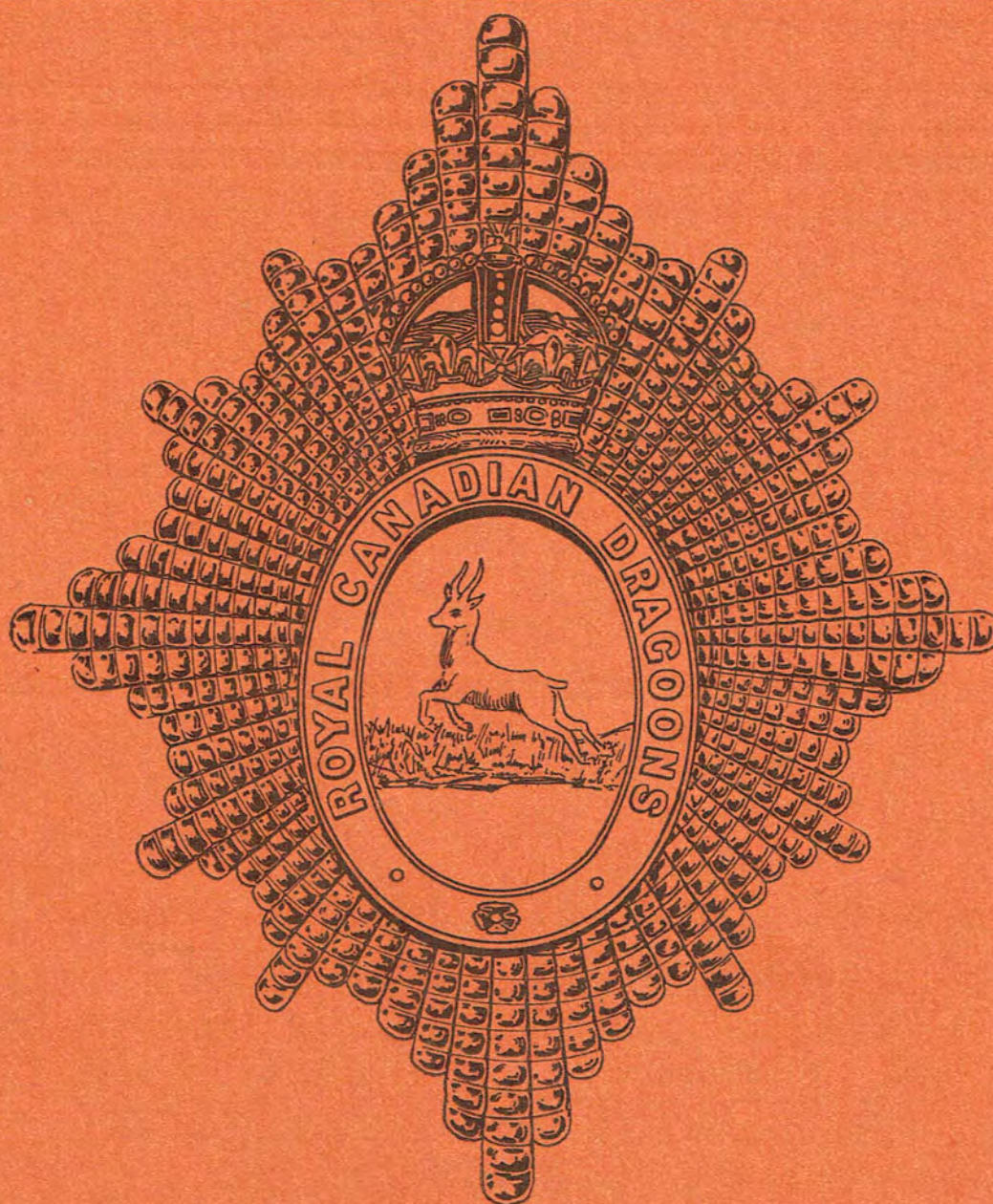
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EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor

Captain M. H. A. Drury, R.C.D.
Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q.

Assistant Editors:

Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Major W. Baty.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Sgt. T. Sheehy.

Advertising:

Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Major W. Baty.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Tpr. W. C. Mundell.

Sub Staff:

Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Sgt. T. Doran.

Old Comrades Representative: Major E. A. Hethrington.

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Editorial.

We make our usual apology in this month's issue for being a "trifle" late in going to press. General inspections, escort duties, and sundry affairs like that have all contributed to take up the time of the staff in our rural station. As a consequence we are later than ever this month. But we feel sure that our readers, knowing the difficulties under which we labour,

will forgive our lapse, and, after digesting the contents, will repeat the old adage, "Better late than never."

As we go to press, we learn with deep regret of the loss of H.M.S. "Valerian." All ranks of the regiment join us in an expression of sympathy to the "Senior Service." Many members of the crew of the ill-fated battleship were known to the members of "A" Squadron, and we sincerely hope that some of our friends are numbered among the survivors of that

terrible catastrophe.

"Old Sim" has again resurrected some memories from his crimson past for the benefit of our readers. These reminiscences appear in a rhyming form and will, we feel sure, be greatly appreciated.

We publish with great pleasure a letter from (Sgt.) A. B. Martin, who served overseas with the regiment. Mr. Martin is now located with the D.S.C.R., Montreal. It is letters like this that help to ce-

ment the ties that bind past and present members of the regiment.

We regret that owing to an oversight on our part, some items of "B" Squadron's "Personal and Regimental" notes were omitted from last month's issue. The main item of general interest was the appointment of a new officer, Lieut. W. E. Gillespie, to the regiment. Lieut. Gillespie, who has been posted to "B" Squadron, graduated from the Royal Military College in 1921.



5th OVERSEAS DRAFT "DEPOT" SQUADRON, R.C.D.

Commanded by Lieut. D. S. Gwyn, M.C., R.C.D. Photograph taken at
Niagara-on-the-Lake during the summer of 1916.

Bytown Bits.

Baron Byng Departs: --- The chief event of the latter part of September was the departure from Ottawa, of His excellency the Lord Byng of Vimy, Governor General of Canada, who accompanied by Lady Byng, left on the 27th September. The military end of the show was a treat for the old timers in that the escort from the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards and the guard of honor from the Governor Generals Foot Guards, both paraded in the full review order of pre war days. The Dragoons with their blue tunics and brass helmets were in direct contrast to the scarlet and big busbies of the Foot Guards. The cavalry escort which numbered 21 all ranks was in command of Captain H. N. Bate and Captain Guy Bowie commanded the guard of honor.

Toronto Looks Good: --- I had the pleasure of seeing some of the lads at Stanley Barracks last month whilst there. Col. Walker Bell looks remarkably fit and as if life as commanding officer of the regiment agreed with him. Major Stethem is full of business as ever, and his workshop in the cellar of his quarters is an eye opener. Both Stew Bate and Jerry Berteau appeared in the pink and Jerry was not a little bucked up over the prospect of his early move to St. Johns. It was unfortunate that I did not see either Major Timmins or Bill Baty. The former was not in barracks and the latter was on leave.

Viscount Willingdon Arrives: --- Accompanied to roar of guns and the blare of bands, Viscount Willingdon, the new Governor General arrived in the Capital on the 4th instant. The 38th Ottawa Highlanders provided the Guard of Honor at the station and the G. G. F. G. on Parliament Hill. The travelling escort was furnished by the P. L. D. G. and both the escort and the Guard on the Hill were in full review order. The 1st Brigade C. F. A., fired a salute on arrival at the station and on arrival on Parliament Hill were addresses were presented. His Excellency was accompanied by Lady Willingdon and attended by Major H. Willis O'Connor and Lord Hardinge as A. D. C's. Lord Hardinge is a captain in the R. H. A. and appeared in the review order of his corps. The other A. D. C's are Capt. C. S. Price Davis, who was with Lord Byng for a time, and Captain the Hon. J. C. C. Jervis, M. C.

Connaught Closes. --- After a

heavy summer work the Canadian Small Arms School, at South March, closed down on the 2nd instant. The school had a good innings this year as permanent force instructors were available all summer owing to the fact that the troops did not go to the seaside for their annual vacation.

Has Retired. --- Captain Edward Gamble P. L. D. G. who has been living in Florida for the past year has been transferred to the Reserve of Officers. Captain Gamble was with the regiment for a number of years having joined up in 1906. He served overseas with the 4th and 8th C. M. R. Regiments.

Gets Promotion. --- Lieut. H. R. T. Gill, P. L. D. G., will shortly receive his captaincy in the unit. The vacancy was caused by the retirement of Captain Edward Gamble.

The New Minister. --- The cabinet now appears to be in shape to meet the wishes of the country and to barge into their bye-elections. Mr. P. L. Hatfield of Yarmouth has withdrawn from the whirl of the Commons and is now in the haven of the Red Chamber and his seat in Nova Scotia is to be contested by Colonel J. L. Ralston, D.S.O., K.C., of Halifax who has been appointed Minister of National Defence. Ralston is an old member of the militia with a distinguished war record. He is heart and soul for the soldier and if he can have his way the service should be better off than it has been for some years. The King administration have a good working majority and the matter of skeleton estimates should be a thing of the past.

To Kingston. --- Major H. T. Goodeve, R. C. A. P. C., of the Headquarters detachment has been moved to Kingston, where he replaces Capt. F. Pilley as District Paymaster. Captain Pilley has been moved to London.

They want Photos. --- An effort is being made by the Department of National Defence to obtain photographs of every memorial of the great war in Canada. These are to be added to the collection of records of the war memorials of the whole Empire which is to be housed in the Imperial War Museum in London.

The department is inviting those who have erected memorials of any kind to send in photographs for this purpose. Municipalities, colleges, schools, railways companies, banks, corporations and institutions of different kinds have been erecting monuments through-

out the Dominion during the last few years and it is expected that Canada will contribute to the collection of photographs in London quite liberally.

Buried in Beechwood. --- Oct. 8th. --- Last Post was sounded for the late Capt. Richard Benjamin O'Sullivan, B.A., D.O.S., O.B.E., director of dental services in Department of Soldiers Civil Re-establishment who died suddenly on October 1, and who was laid to rest in the soldiers' plot in Beechwood cemetery with full military honors. His widow was the chief mourner.

The funeral, attended by many prominent citizens and military men of the capital, took place, following an impressive service conducted by Major the Rev. H. I. Horsey, of Zion United Church. The firing party, composed of members of the 33th Battalion, and in charge of Company Sgt. Major A. Kelly, formed at the drill hall at 2 o'clock and took up its position at the funeral parlors at 2.20. The body was borne from the parlors and placed on the gun carriage, which was supplied by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, by Col. Cameron, M. Edwards, D.S.O., A. D.C., and Lieut. Col. W. S. Wood, D.S.O., Major W. B. Megloughlin, M.C., Major C. S. Armstrong, M.C., Major R. S. Cross, Major G. S. Macfarlane, M.C., Major P. Gardiner, M.C., and Captain C. S. Ford, being the pall bearers who were members of the 38th Battalion overseas, with which regiment the late Captain O'Sullivan served in the Great War with distinction.

At the cemetery a volley was fired over the grave. Last Post was sounded by buglers of the 38th.

Gone to England. --- The Right Hon. W. L. M. King, accompanied by a retinue including Major Gen-

eral J. H. MacBrien, sailed for England on the Megantic, on the 9th instant to attend the Imperial Conference. They will be back in time for the opening of Parliament on the 9th December.

Eleven Years Ago. --- It was exactly eleven years ago by day and date, on the 9th instant, that the Missanabie of the C.P.O.S., sailed out of Montreal with the 8th C.M.R. of Ottawa, under Col. J. R. Munro and the 12th C.M.R. of Calgary under Lieut. Col. Geo. Macdonald, on board. We were all full of high hopes in those days and the spirits of every one rose as we neared the other side. A watery winter at Bramshot and then the smash up of the regiments. The Canadian Cavalry Brigade got some and the C. M. R. brigades the others. A goodly number of the lads went down on the 2nd June 1916 and others filled graves in France and Flanders before the show was over. The Missanabie carried on till the spring of 1918, bringing troops and foodstuffs to the old land, until one bright spring day when off the coast of Ireland, on a westbound trip, she got hers from a German submarine and sank in a few minutes. Her sister ship the Metagama is still on the St Lawrence run.

Winter Work. --- The various units of the Ottawa garrison are drawing up their agenda for the winter work and soon all will be busy again. The 38th Ottawa Highlanders held a church parade on the 10th October but the rest are confining themselves to lectures, etc.

Cavalry Association Meeting: --- The annual meeting of the Canadian Cavalry Association was held in Edmonton on the 4th, and 5th, instant. The meeting was attended by over 60 officers from all Ca-



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Captain: "What is the best method to prevent the diseases caused by biting insects?"

Corporal: "Don't bite the insects."

nada The new president is Colonel Thibotson Leonard of London and Major F. B. Inkster and Lieut Col. R. M. Courtney of Ottawa were re-elected secretary and treasurer respectively. The meeting next year will be held in Ottawa.

The Merrit Challenge Cup for horsemastership and the Canadian Cavalry Signal Cup were both won this year by the P.L.D.G.

PERSONAL AND REGIMENTAL (Toronto)

Capt. W. J. Whitehead, formerly of "B" Squadron, visited Stanley Barracks with his wife, during the Exhibition, and had tea in the Mess.

Captain G. F. Berteau left "B" Squadron and transferred to "A" Squadron on the 1st October 1926. All ranks are very sorry to see him leave, but where we are losers "Saint Johns" are the gainers. Captain Berteau has been associated with "B" Squadron on and off for twenty years and as an Instructor as well as in his squadron work, he will be much missed. We wish him the best of luck as Second in Command of "A" Squadron, where we know he will get on well.

Capt. Wood returned from C. S.A.S. on October 6th, and it was gratifying to see the pleasant smile he often gives around Stanley Barracks once again.

TORONTO NEWS

Major Nordheimer writes that he has been appointed manager of the Spur and Saddle Club, Chicago. This is the second largest riding club in Chicago. Our best wishes go with him.

The Toronto Hounds had the first afternoon meet of the season on Saturday September 25th. The meet was at Sir Clifford Sifton's. Considering the heavy rain that fell most of the afternoon there was a good turn-out. The veteran master, Mr. Geo. W. Beardmore, On Beardmore, who who is nearly 75 years old, is a good example of what healthy horseback-riding will do to keep a man fit.

The regiment was represented by Major Timmis, Lieuts. Gillespie and Laterriere. Mr. Cassimir Strawbenzee represented the Commanding Officer, who was unable to be present.

The country was extremely heavy and in places under water, but this did not prevent an excellent

afternoon's sport.

On Monday Sept. 27th Major Timmins visited Camp Borden, as President of an Equitation Board and as usual received the kindest of hospitality from the Officers of R.C.A.F., the R.C.C. of S., and Capt. Norman Halkett, R.C.A.M. C., Flight Lieut. Trim, the flying wizard, who has returned from a 2 year course in England, took the visitor up for a long flight and had a very enjoyable pot pourri of loops, spins, etc.

Tpr. F. Fryer, R.C.D., Rewarded for Gallantry.

In the late fall of 1925 a letter was received by the Officer Commanding "A" Squadron, R.C.D., from the Quebec Provincial Secretary of the Boy Scouts Association, bringing to our notice the gallant conduct of a soldier of the Cavalry Barracks, who had rendered assistance in the rescue from drowning of Hugh MacFarlane Jr. of St. Johns, Que., from the Richelieu river on July 29th, 1925, stating that this soldier had assisted a local Boy Scout, Master Charles Maxwell, of St. Johns, in the rescue of the above mentioned boy, stating that the Boy Scouts Association was recommending Scout Maxwell for their Life Saving Award, and that they considered the assistance rendered by the soldier in this rescue to be worthy of consideration.

July 29th, 1925, the date in question, was during the period that most of the troops of the garrison were absent on strike duty in Cape Breton, and it was only after considerable amount of inquiries that it was ascertained that the soldier in the case was Tpr. F. Fryer, of "A" Squadron, R.C.D., who had been left behind with the details remaining in charge of the barracks. The case was investigated, and the following evidence submitted:

"Copy of statement rendered by the Boy Scouts Association in connection with the rescue of Hugh MacFarlane Jr., of St. Johns, on July 29th, 1925.

Hugh MacFarlane Jr., 118a Col-lin Street, St. Johns, Que., weight 108 pounds, height, 4 feet 11 inches, age 12 years and 7 months, whilst playing on pier at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, accidentally fell into the waters of the Richelieu River, which is about 15 to 18 feet deep at this point. Being unable to swim, he immediately sank, and on rising to the surface commenced to struggle violently.

Scout Charles S. Maxwell, of 30 Mercier Street, St. Johns, weight 101 pounds, height 5 feet, age 12 years and 11 months, hearing cries of help and seeing the boy struggling in the water, at once jumped into the river and went to assist the drowning boy, who disappeared for the second time before Maxwell could reach him. On gaining the spot where the drowning boy went down, MacFarlane almost immediately rose to the surface and engaged the rescuer in a body grip, which Maxwell succeeded in breaking after a struggle.

A soldier had by this time arrived on the shore, and seeing that Scout Maxwell was hard pressed, swam out to the scene of the accident and assisted Maxwell to land the drowning boy, who was in an exhausted condition when brought to shore.

He did not lose consciousness, and recovered fully after being rubbed down vigorously and resting for about thirty minutes."

"Statement made by No. 881, Tpr. F. Hodgkinson, "A" Squadron, R.C.D.:

On the afternoon of July 29th, 1925, I was sitting on the bathing pier at the Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, in company with No. 892, Tpr. F. Fryer, "A" Squadron, R.C.D.

We suddenly heard cries and screams from the several children who were playing around the pier and the water-edge. On looking to find the cause of the cries, we saw two boys struggling in the water, between the pier and the old boom. The water at this point is from 15 to 18 feet deep. Tpr. Fryer immediately dived into the water and swam to the point where the two boys were struggling and succeeded in bringing them both to the shore.

In my opinion had not Tpr. Fryer rendered timely assistance, the results of this accident might easily have proved fatal for both boys."

In forwarding the above evidence to superior authority, Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., stated as follows:

"I may add that the rescue of Hugh MacFarlane Jr. took place on July 29th, 1925, whilst the majority of the squadron under my command were absent on strike duty in Aid of Civil Power, and the first intimation received by me that it had occurred was when I received the letter from the Provincial Secretary of the Boy Scouts Association. Tpr. Fryer's attitude throughout the whole investigation has been of a most modest nature, and it is only after considerable difficulty that the at-

tached documents have been obtained. I consider that Trooper Fryer, in carrying out this rescue, in which he quickly ran to the spot from which he heard the cries for help, and without a moment's hesitation dived into deep water to grapple with and bring to shore two struggling boys, each weighing over one hundred pounds that this displayed remarkable courage and initiative, especially in view of the fact that he could see that Charles S. Maxwell, who first attempted the rescue, was in difficulty. Tpr. Fryer at this time was only 19 years of age, 5 feet 5 inches in height, weighing 135 pounds. He might be classified as a good swimmer, but by no means an expert.

I submit this matter for the consideration of the District Officer Commanding Military District No. 4, together with my recommendation that some official recognition be made to Tpr. Fryer for his gallant act."

At the same time Major Bowie wrote to the Quebec Provincial Secretary of the Boy Scouts Association, expressing thanks for bringing the matter to his attention, and also expressed his thanks to Roy Wilson Esq., B.A., who was at that time the Scoutmaster of the 1st St. Johns Troop, for the assistance that he had rendered in bringing the matter to attention and assisting in the securing of evidence.

In accordance with King's Regulations and Orders, the Canadian Militia, the District Officer Commanding Military District No. 4, immediately gave orders that a record of this gallant rescue should be made on Tpr. Fryer's regimental conduct sheet.

In due course we were delighted to receive a parchment, being an Honorary Testimonial for Gallantry from the Royal Canadian Humane Society for Tpr. Fryer. This honorary testimonial was suitably framed, and on the occasion of Brig.-Gen. C. J. Armstrong's farewell visit to Cavalry Barracks, he presented it to Tpr. Fryer in the presence of all ranks of the garrison. General Armstrong, in making this presentation, heartily congratulated Tpr. Fryer on his gallantry and presence of mind, and on the attitude of modesty that Tpr. Fryer had displayed, and stated that he was especially pleased of the fact that this rescue had been brought to official notice by the Boy Scouts Association.

"The Goat" extends to Tpr. Fryer the hearty congratulations of all ranks of the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Who Won the War?

It would appear that the above much-debated question has recently been raising a storm of discussion in the "Chicago Daily Tribune." We publish an editorial from the before-mentioned paper, and Major Nordheimer's reply thereto.

THE GERMAN VICTORY, MAY, 1918

It has been our task during recent months to devote an occasional editorial to some phase of the world war. Not as an historical effort, but as an attempt to revive the memory of certain episodes in the great conflict, to review them in the light of eight years of readjustment, to find in their perusal something worth present consideration.

We recalled, at one time, the failures of the allied and German general staffs during the invasion of Belgium and France and the first battle of the Marne in 1914. On another occasion we found in the failure of Haig and Petain to provide for the formation of a general reserve, thus contributing to the British disasters of March and April, 1918, one of the secret dark spots of the war which time alone will bring to light.

It is of interest, we think, to recollect here the events which followed the British reverses of that spring of 1918, the great German drive against the French which, for a second time, threatened seriously the capture of Paris and the destruction of the allied armies.

The great German drives in the spring of 1918 had smashed two great salients in the British line. In the face of disaster Foch had been given command. His task was a desperate one. The British army was on the verge of collapse and he was forced to give up his carefully hoarded reserves in order to bolster his ally's defenses. He knew the enemy would attack again. Proponent of the theory that the best defense is to launch an attack one's self, he was powerless to put that theory into action. He had not the troops.

It was then that the appeals of England and France—raised urgently during the British defeat—for American soldiers, infantrymen and machine gunners, became truly anxious. A few months before England had been refusing tonnage for the transportation of American troops. Now she begged for them to come.

They came. On the 1st of March, 1918, there were 290,000 troops in Europe. In March, 84,

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889 crossed the Atlantic. Then sounded the appeals; the records tell America's reply. In April 118,642 came across; in May 245,945; in June, 278,664; in July, 306,350; in August, after the crisis had passed, 285,974; in September, 257,457; in October, 180,326.

More than a month passed following the last drive against the British. Ludendorff was compelled to delay; the Americans were arriving. Things began to look more hopeful. American divisions had been tried out in quiet sectors and found to be of fighting mettle. On May 28th the 1st division, in line to the west of Montdidier, had captured the strategically important village of Cantigny, and proved themselves to be fighting men of the first order.

Their feat, however, and the rejoicing in this evidence of American fighting ability, were wiped out by a second great allied disaster. On the day before Cantigny the armies of the German crown prince, in a great surprise attack, struck the French front on the Chemin des Dames. By June 1st the Germans were in Chateau-Thierry and the point of their triumphant salient thrust out along the Paris road beyond Vaux, Belleau Wood and Bouresches.

The situation of the French was critical. Only forty miles separated the advancing Germans from Paris. There were no troops to stop them should they continue the push with energy. The extension of the French front to help the British had meant a lengthening of their line by sixty kilometers. The formation of the new salient had lengthened the line forty-five kilometers more.

As the Germans advanced Foch had fought rear guard actions, but sufficient troops to restore the battle he did not possess. He called up every possible reserve. The Fifth and Tenth French armies, which had been in reserve on the flanks on the delicate point where the French and British met, were thrown in on the two sides of the entering German wedge. They were virtually the sole mobile reserve Foch owned. He took from the remainder of the front every available division. His chief effort must be to hold the base of the salient, where it left the old line south of Noyon and north of Reims, as narrowly as possible. There were no fresh troops to halt the Germans at the salient's threatening point at Chateau-Thierry.

None, that is, except the Americans.

It was then that there began

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that dependence on American participation which was to continue until the end of the war.

And now came Belleau Wood, and Vaux, Chateau-Thierry and Jaulgonne. Pershing was to put two more divisions at the disposal of the French command. Into the gap between the French Seventh and Thirty-eighth corps, where Degoutte held the direct road to Paris with two thin, worn divisions, the Second American division was dumped from the trucks which had carried it away from its intended relief of the First division at Cantigny. It went into line, June 1st-2nd, and it stopped the German advance—stopped it, then threw it back, in heroic combat, and took Bouresches, Belleau Wood and Vaux. It was not relieved until July 10th.

But more German troops swarmed at the bridge over the Marne at Chateau-Thierry; German outposts were across the Marne to the east toward Jaulgonne.

The Third American division was still in training. It was only partially outfitted, lacked artillery, had not yet been tried in sector warfare, was not considered ready, was not numbered among available troops. It was destined for a training sector in the Woevre front when orders were changed hurriedly and the division in the Chateau-Villain area to face the enemy south of the Marne and to help keep him from crossing over. Face the enemy it did, and held him.

Nor was this all of the American contribution. Ten divisions were in the north, in the British area. Five of these were transferred: the 77th and 82nd into line to relieve the 42nd and 26th, the 35th to the Vosges front, and the 4th and 28th to the region of Meaux and Chateau-Thierry as reserves. Thus seven American divisions—two in critical sectors, three in less active sectors and two in support—took part in the great defensive battle of June, 1918.

So it was that the unexpected, the overlooked, defeated Von Hindenburg and Ludendorff, and saved the day for Foch. Ludendorff and Hindenburg had matured their plans for the great spring campaign during the winter of 1917-18. By that time they had stopped all the English attacks, had beaten the Italians, and had studied the lessons of the battle of Riga. They knew the size of the English and French armies and their reinforcement plans. They had learned how fast, or rather how slowly, the Americans were coming to Europe and undoubtedly had information to

show that the English at least did not expect any substantial increase in the rate of transport of American troops. In March they crumpled up and paralyzed the English army and forced Foch to use up the French reserves. Then came the stroke against the French.

It is a fair surmise to believe that it was the unexpected rush of American troops to France between March and June 1st—unexpected by both sides—that turned the scales in favour of the allies.

In particular, it was the untrained Third division's presence in the battle line. Foch might reasonably have counted on the Second division, which had been tried in battle. That he was given the Third division and that the troops of the Third division fought like veterans was for him an unlooked-for stroke of fortune.

Had it not been for the fortitude of these American troops, on which not even Foch had counted, there might have been no chance for counter-stroke that was to follow in July, and the brilliance of French strategy would have gone begging for want of men to execute it. Hindenburg and Ludendorff had figured correctly from the facts assumed by them and by Petain and Haig. They beat Petain and Haig. Faced by the greater task placed before them by the unexpected arrival of American armies, they severely defeated Foch in June and failed of a complete victory by the providential intervention of an untrained American division which had not been taken into account by the plans of either high command.

After this battle the arrival of American reinforcements and their fighting power were known to them, but it was too late to change their tactics.

Major Nordheimer's Reply

Chicago, Oct. 4th — The statement in your editorial on "The German Offensive in May, 1918," that "the British army was on the verge of collapse" is certainly entirely erroneous. Early in April the German offensive on the British front had not only been entirely checked but counter-attacks had restored the tactical situation. Far from being "on the verge of collapse" the British army had entirely recovered from the heavy German offensive launched against the newly-organized 5th army, which, against the protests of its commander, Gen. Gough, and the commander-in-chief, Sir Douglas Haig, had been ordered to take over a considerable portion of the French front. Ample reserves were in position and already plans

for the counter-offensive which was to pave the way for the allied advance along the whole front, were in course of preparation.

Far from "crumpling up and paralyzing the British army," the German offensive had defeated only a small portion of it and, except for large gains in territory, men and guns, had failed in its objective, which was to drive a wedge between the British and French fronts. No one will deny that the situation during the German drive from March to June was extremely critical and that the arrival of American troops gave Foch the troops he so badly needed in order to commence his famous counter offensive, but it was on the French front that reserves were needed, the British having sufficient man power not only to withstand further assaults but to launch the counter offensive which gradually developed along the allied front.

In the final advance, American troops fought shoulder to shoulder with British and French troops and proved themselves splendid fighters in every way; their arrival was as welcome as it was timely and undoubtedly convinced the German high command that their chance had gone. The writer would be the last to belittle the part they played in the final victory, but had things turned out differently and the German attacks had been successful in reaching Paris, the writer firmly believes that the spirit of France and the British Empire would have eventually triumphed, though in considerably longer time and at far greater cost and sacrifice.

Major R. Nordheimer.

In the grey light of early morning the traveller in Scotland faced the night clerk resolutely. "You gave me the worst bed in the inn," he began, indignation in his voice and eyes. "If you don't change me before tonight I shall get lodgings elsewhere." "There is no difference in the beds, sir," the clerk replied respectfully. The traveller smiled ironically. "If that is so," he replied, "perhaps you wouldn't mind giving me the room on the left of mine." "It is occupied, sir." "I know it is. By a man who snored all night and was still at it ten minutes ago. His bed must be better than mine or he couldn't sleep at a maximum capacity of sound eight hours on a stretch." "The beds are all the same, sir. That man has been here before and he always sleeps on the floor."

Writing Home.

Station Hospital,

Cavalry Barracks,
St. Johns, Que.

Dear Dad:—Well, here I am in the hospital and don't git all het up, cause there ain't no real cause to worry except that I may be in this Home of Lotus Eaters for the rest of my service. A few weeks ago I had a sprained wrist but now I don't calculate I know what I have nor does the doc., except that I kin never git a clean bill of health. It al comes about like this. We was out in the big field near the barracks practicing what they call "dismounted action"; it sure was some fun and we has to gallop up to a place, jump off our horses and lie down to fire at the ennemy, while a few unlucky guys takes the gees away. Well, in our section, which is 8 men, only five of them are guys what don't do no riding, one guy, called No. 3, has to take away the horses. Well, our section leader, a smart guy what thinks the sergeant-major is jealous of him, arks me for a cigarette and when I tells him I ain't got one he gits mad and next time takes the real No. 3 what always carries cigarettes, off the horse job and makes me take the horses.

Well, Dad, I don't know whether the darned old plugs was making fun of me or what, but they all seemed to want to go in different directions. I figured as how I weren't no Samson, the guy what used the Dentist's Delight to beat up some guys what was agin him, so when the gees started to pull I let 'em go. Say, did I get a bawling out from "Lithsome Lorry." I'll tell the world I did. 'My word, you blighter,' he says, "never let go of a horse like that. Mark my words, young fellow m'lad, next time I catch you doing a thing like that, the guard room for you." Well, Dad, I collects me gees and we tries it agin. This time I hangs on for dear life, not being particularly anxious to spend the week-end in the clink, and before I knows it I am out of the saddle hanging on to 2 horses going south and 1 going north. Where I would have landed, at the Peary subdivision or the Amundsen Park, I don't know, the horse going north, gittin sick of me, slips his bridle over his head and beats it, leaving me bumping along heading south. Well, Dad, I manages to check the gold rush for Florida and when I gits up my wrist is all swollen. I shows it to "Lorry" and he says to me, "That's very commendable, m'lad,

always stick to the lines. Now go over to the hospital and get fixed up." Say, I just glowed with pride to hear him. I go over to the hospital to see the "Doc." a guy called Williams, who lives in the town where they have the 3 "C's", Convicts, Cadets and Co-Eds," and where Methusaleh could take a post-graduate course in physical culture if he could play football. When I get to the hospital the Doc is busy attending an important case, the sergeant says, and he calls a guy called Meuse, related to the famous three Muse Sisters. I gess the "Doc" must have been treating one of those diabetis cases, cause when he comes out of the operating room I hears him say, "Not quite so much sugar, Sister, please."

Doc loks at my wrist and orders me to bed upstairs. Just as I g all tucked up nice and comfy in walks the Nursing Sister in a blue uniform and night cap. She looks at my wrist and says, "Thank goodness it isn't your right hand. Now we can get that painting done." Say, Dad, that's all I've been hearing ever since. In the morning they paint my wrist with iodine, then I paint the woodwork in the halls, then they paint my throat with some stuff to keep the paint fumes from the painting I do from making it sore, then I paint some more so as there will be paint fumes and the stuff they paint on my throat will have something to work on. Well, Dad, I got to go and paint some more, so I must close for today, but will tell you all about my life here the next time I write.

Tell Ma not to worry, cause I'm all right.

Your loving son,
JIM.

Albert Thompson, director of music, had been earnestly explaining to pupils that an opera is presented in costume, but that an oratorio is not given in costume, says the current issue of The Interpreter.

Next day a pupil, asked to differentiate between an opera and an oratorio, wrote:

"An oratorio is given without any clothes on."

"When did the robbery occur, my man?" snapped the cross-examining barrister.

"I think—" began the witness.

"We don't know what you think, we want to know what you know," said the barrister.

"Well, I may as well get out of the box, then," said the witness. "I can't talk without thinking; I'm not a lawyer."

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Here and There

Poems from unknown Poets

This vigorous little poem picturing three sides of manly happiness was written by James Thomson, the poet of despair, who also had little of such happiness, and sank into deep gloom and disappointment. He died in 1882.

Give a man a horse he can ride,
Give a man a boat, he can sail,
And his work and wealth, his
strength and health,
Nor sea nor shore shall fail.

Give a man a pipe he can smoke,
Give a man a book he can read,
And his home is bright with
calm delight,
Though the room be poor indeed

Give a man a girl he can love,
As I, O my Love, love thee,
And his hand is great with the
pulse of fate.

At home, on land, or sea.

Captain David Welch, of the Royal Yatch Alberta, looked after the German Prince "like a father." Of Admiral the Hon. F. A. C. Foley Superintendent at that time at Portsmouth Dockyard, he tells a droll story. The Admiral, we

are told "was a real jovial old sea-dog, with crimson face and white whiskers and, being very deaf, he spoke very loud himself. This weakness of his led to a very comical incident, of which I shall give an account, not only because the story went ahe round of the whole English Navy, but because it is also an example of my grandmother's (Queen Victoria) keen sense of a funny situation. It concerns what was in itself a tragic occurrence. The British sailing frigate Enrydice went down almost in sight of Portsmouth. She was salvaged with great trouble and towed into harbour, where she was laid up in dry dock. The Queen had commanded Admiral Foley to luncheon at Osborne to receive his report of it. After she had exhausted this melancholy subject, my grandmother in order to give the conversation a more cheerful turn enquired after his sister, whom she knew well, whereon the Admiral who was hard of hearing and still pursuing his train of thought about the Enrydice, replied in his stentorian voice, "Well, ma'am, I am going to have her turned over and take a good look at her bottom and have it well scraped." The effect of this answer was stupendous. My grandmother put down her knife and fork

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Johns, P.Q.

hid her face in her handkerchief
and shook and heaved with laugh-
ter until the tears rolled down her
face. My uncle, the Duke of Con-
naught and the younger members
of the family round the table for-
got every rule of etiquette and
burst into a yell of laughter, and
the dignified servants handing
round dishes rushed away and took
refuge behind the screen round
the serving table. Meanwhile;
the Admiral solemnly unconscious
looked on mystified at this hilarity
without the least knowing what it
was all about.

BRITISH GENERAL RESCUES SAILOR

Hyde, Isle of Wight, Aug. 13—
(C.P.)—Major Gen. Hon. J. E.
B. Seely, ex-M.P., Commander of
the Canadian Cavalry Brigade in
the war, saved a member of the
crew of Sir Mortimer Singer's
yacht from drowning at the re-
gatta here. General Seely was
on Sir Mortimer's yacht when the
man fell into the water and with-
out a moment's hesitation the ge-
neral jumped overboard to the re-
scue.

General Seely has received
French honours for saving life at
sea. He is a member of the Isle
of Wight life boat crew and has
been prominent in rescue work in
connection with several shipwrecks

ALWAYS

(With apologies to Irving Berlin)

Sojourners, a hungry crew, al-
ways,

Not when we're feeding you, but
always

When some chow is planned,
They'll be on hand,

And eat to beat the band, al-
ways, always.

Quartermasters like to work, al-
ways,

Cavalrymen like to shirk, always
Doughboys like to walk, J. A.'s
love to talk.

Inspectors walk the chalk—
ALWAYS

The Army's cars are old, always,
Funds are low, we're told—al-
way.

Still the General's bus
Comes in marked "MUST,"

He don't give a cuss, always, al-
ways.

In the shop it goes, always,
Mechanics on their toes, always,
Supt. says blankety-blank, was
no gas in the tank,

Brains don't go with rank—
ALWAYS

We have the I. G.'s always,
Making notes of what he sees,
always.

You see his poison pen
Every now and then
Wherever he has been, always,
always.

It may not be fair, always,
To lay our troubles bare, always,
Not for just an hour, not just
for a day.

Not for just a year, but
ALWAYS

—Speedometer
Hoof Prints.

TWENTY FIVE YEARS AGO

(From The Gazette, Sept. 6 1901)

Victoria Crosses will be present-
ed by the Duke of York during his
visit to Canada as follows. At Que-
bec to Lieut. R. E. W. Turner,
D.S.O., Royal Canadian Dragoons
at Ottawa to Sergt E. Holland,
Royal Canadian Dragoons; at To-
ronto to Lieut. H. Z. C. Cockburn,
Royal Canadian Dragoons.

"For the information of "Bill" Campbell and sundry Others"

How to tell mushrooms.

To distinguish mushrooms from
poisonous fungi, sprinkle a little
salt on the spongy part or gills.
If they turn yellow they are poi-
sonous; if black they are wholeso-
me. Allow the salt to act before
you decide the question. False
mushrooms have a warty cap, or
else fragments of membrane, ad-
hering to the upper surface, are
heavy, and emerge from a culca
or bag; they grow in tufts or clus-
ters in woods, on the stumps of
trees, etc., whereas the true mush-
room grows in pasture. False
mushrooms have an astringent,
styptic and disagreeable taste, and
when cut they turn blue. They
are moist on the surface and gene-
rally of a rose or orange colour.
The gills of the true mushroom are
of a pinky red, changing to a liver
colour, and the flesh is white, while
the stem is white, solid and cylin-
drical.

—Live Stock Journal, London.

They were discussing a wedding
present, a silver butter-dish, over
the breakfast table; it had to be
posted that morning.

"What can we put on the card,
Len?" asked his wife.

"Oh," said her husband, "just
the usual dope; anything you
like."

A few minutes were spent in
thought, and then she handed him
the card. In neatly rounded char-
acters, he read the words:

"For butter—or for worse."

The Question Box.

Dear Sir:—I am a sergeant in
"A" Squadron and want to get
married. The girls in St. Johns
are all very nice but seem to have
hearts of ice. What I want to
know is this: Is there any harm
in marrying a girl with a heart of
ice?

Yours truly,
I. B. Warm.

Answer—You are perfectly safe
in marrying a girl with a heart of
ice as long as her feet are warm.

Dear Sir:—I am a trooper re-
cently enlisted in "B" Squadron.
I come from a good family and al-
ways have been particular about
my table manners. In the mess
here I see men eating with their
knives. Can you tell me why they
do so?

Yours,
I. B. Fine.

Answer—Merely to sharpen their
appetites.

Dear Sir:—I am a sergeant in
"A" Squadron and a friend of
mine is Orderly Room Sergeant. I
am told that I hold the "rank"
of sergeant while he holds the ap-
pointment of Orderly Room Ser-
geant. What is the difference?
We are both sergeants.

Answer—Two men may ride in
a limousine. Both are motoring,
but one is the chauffeur who is
driving the car, and the other is
the owner sitting in the back seat.

Dear Sir:—I know that this
column is for the soldiers only, but
I am a subscriber to "The Goat,"
so I write to ask your indulgence.
I am a dentist in St. Johns and I
do the work for the soldiers. Last
night I was on Richelieu street
and I very accidentally bumped
into a sergeant's wife. I apolo-
gized, but she called me a "bum."
I told her I was not a bum but
a well-known dentist who had fixed
her husband's teeth. She said
if I was a dentist she knew I was
"a bum." What could she have
meant by saying a dentist and "a
bum" were the same? Yours,
R. Mond.

Answer—Because you live from
hand to mouth.

Dear Sir:—I have just been
married to a charming St. Johns
girl. I am a young sergeant and
am interested in watching my
wife work in the kitchen. The
other day I was interested in wat-
ching the steam come out of the
kettle. Being a bit of a scientist,

I would like to know why steam comes out of the kettle.

H. A. R. Iss.

The reason steam comes out of a kettle is simply so your wife can open your letters without you knowing it.

Dear Sir: — The other night there was a party in the Officers' Mess, where I am employed. One of the officers who lives in town stayed very late and kept walking around in front of the kitchen door. I think he was under the influence of liquor, as he usually hates to walk. Thinking I would help him, I went up to him and said, "Pardon me, sir, but if I were you I would take a cab home." He turned to me and said, "It wouldn't do any good, sergeant, as my wife wouldn't let me keep it in the house anyway." Do you think he was tight?

Barry Claw.

Answer next issue.

Dear Sir:—I am in love with a young lady in Toronto, but when I approach her with a proposal of marriage she keeps telling me that mine is only "calf love." Can you tell me how to stop her from saying that?

O. U. Kidd

Answer—Pinch her calf.

Correspondence.

201 Inspector Street, Montreal.
September 28th. 1926

To the Editor, "The Goat".

Dear Sir --- I am sending this contribution in writing, together with my subscription which I regret to say is long overdue. If you do not accept the first I know you will the second.

Just lately there has been a lot of talk in "The Goat" about the Old Comrades Association and I, for one, would like nothing better than to be a member, providing it really functions. This it can only do with the proper support. In Montreal there are a number of ex-members of the regiment and St Johns is only an hour away, but the trouble is when you get there, there is very little a civilian member can do or take an interest in. Every one must admit conditions in Barracks are different from what they were overseas and it is only natural that the present members of the regiment have their own associations and amusements. They cannot, and we do not expect them to drop everything for us, neither can we be expected to

look at things from their viewpoint when our only experience of soldiering was during the war.

On my first visit to Stanley Barracks, my greeting from an officer was, "What can I do for you, my man?" A lot of us submitting willingly to being called my man when in the army, but at the same time we retained our independence of thought, and in some cases action and were none the worse soldiers for that, even if our ideas of discipline were occasionally a little at variance with our superior officers.

Being a "constant reader" of the Goat since its inception. I have noticed how few articles mention the war and particularly the part played by our regiment. It seems to me that this is the one common meeting place between the old and new members and if some of us would give our impressions of various events it would be most interesting especially if one of the officers in a position to know would satisfy our curiosity as to why.

I can think of any number of questions I would like an answer to, for instance. During the first Cambrai affair in 1917. After a lot of preparation the regiment moved forward and then early in the morning started out on a wild trip across our front line, (then "Jerry's"). We then met civilians who until that morning had been peacefully carrying on. Eventually we halted behind a screen almost on the banks of the canal and "stood to" for hours. Why did we stop? Later on we moved back a bit and watered and fed by troops in rotation, our troop, 1st B, being one of the first to water. This troop was suddenly ordered out on the right flank and started away at a sedate trot. We reached a road bordered on one side by a bank and on the other a field and were making, it was presumed, for a bridge across the canal, which at this place was above the level of the surrounding country. Suddenly, (we were in column of sections) several machine guns opened fire on us from the bridge, then only a short distance away, and the troop as one man turned half left and raced madly across the fields to the shelter of the canal bank. We were under fire all the way but the only casualty was sober, quiet old Graham who was instantly killed as he was dismounting. Then another long wait enlivened by Bert Akerstream and I think, Mr. Whitehead, crawling over the bank and inspecting some barges that obviously had just been abandoned. Next came the order to return across the field, a few at a time, to gather behind a sheltered place

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in the road. I remember as each party left how anxiously we watched their progress for they were under continual fire, also, as mine was the last detachment and our horses were getting more excited all the time I could get only half way in the saddle when my horse started with me hanging on any old way. After hanging around a bit longer we re-joined the regiment, apparently being the only ones who had taken part in any action.

Why did we leave the regiment and what was our objective? Did any other troop or detachment play any individual part during that day and, lastly, why did we stand to for so long a time and then the whole Brigade go back without doing anything.

This is only an incident that comes to mind while writing, but there are dozens of other things I am in doubt about and am sure everyone else feels the same way. There are a number of questions I would like answered.

Even the most observant could only understand a very little of what was going on in the line especially during the actual mounted engagements we were fortunately able to take part in, and, usually, when an affair was over it was promptly forgotten. No one seemed to show any great curiosity as to what part was played by even other troops in the squadron to

say nothing of the Regiment or Brigade.

On the afternoon of the last day of March, 1918, I left the regiment. Could ask a dozen questions about what happened on that particular day and have only a very hazy idea of what happened in the regiment from then until the end of the war. At the time I was not particularly interested but now it is different and I think everyone would like to have the "Goat" publish some account of the doing in France.

Freddie Powell is making a good beginning and as I have helped him to the limited extent of letting him copy my diaries I have been privileged to read some of his copy and can promise interesting reading when he eventually joins "The Regiment".

Yours truly,

902. ex-Sgt. A. B. MARTIN.

CORRESPONDENCE

Editor The Goat,
Royal Canadian Dragoons,
St. Johns, P. Que.

Dear Mr. Editor:—

The enclosed clipping taken from the Chicago Tribune struck the Chicago chapter as being a good expression of the views of about 90% of our cousins to the south, regarding the late war. There

has been considerable controversy in the local papers recently in the way of short articles written by Americans Canadians and British amongst whom is our esteemed and old time comrade in arms Major Nordheimer. He may, perhaps, forward you the article from his pen. It may prove of sufficient interest to you to copy, in part in the next edition of the Goat.

With every kind remembrance to those officers who remember the man with the long shekels.

Yours very truly,
W. T. Fortye

We Helped Win.

Chicago, Oct. 6.—Yesterday I read your editorial about the "German Offensive in May, 1918." Today I have read the comments by some of those others who read it.

I went over with the 82nd division, landing at Liverpool about the 5th of May, 1918. We were brigaded with the British in the Somme region, soldiered with the French near Toul, and did our own little tricks when the time came, ending our active adventure the morning of Nov. 1. Perhaps we would have been in on the last move, but we had few men left for it. Our own short five or six months up front did not, of course compare with British four years. We know we didn't "win the war". We didn't go over to win it. We went over to help. We believe we helped as honestly as any of our allies could have had they been coming to our aid under reverse circumstances. If they are honest in their summing up of what happened, they will cease the small talk about what "Uncle Shylock" didn't do, and think their lucky stars that it was done regardless of who did it.

But if we must comment on the situation at the time the American troops arrived, we may go back to Liverpool the day the Mauretania docked and the 82nd passed through on its way over. I was at the head of my company. It was noon as we passed down what I suppose was a main street. What I saw I shall remember always. There were old women young women, children, old men, but the only young men I saw were on crutches or minus arms or carrying them in bandages. Perhaps, we were the first to go through that part of Liverpool, because they stared at us as through we were either the most unusual sight they had ever seen or the most welcome.

Whatever their feelings, they seemed to be too stunned by long

months of suffering to speak. They seemed to be on the verge of hysteria yet could not cry out, until at last one old woman, of the type we would all be glad to call mother, came running to us, and with tears and half laughs, threw her arms around my neck and said, "Hurry up, boys, and win the war for us." Those were her words. They burned into my memory more vividly than anything that ever happened up front. Is it necessary to bicker about who won the war? For the sake of the thousands of those old ladies like the one at Liverpool, thank God we did get there when we believe they needed us most. May be we didn't win the war. We helped a little maybe.

Frank L. McBride

Piffle.

Here is a deep one concerning two Scotsmen. Both were expert swimmers. Each intensely jealous of the other. A contest was arranged to see who could remain longer under the water. Of course there was money in it. Stakes were put and a referee appointed. At a given signal both plunged in and both were drowned. Think it over.

This is not so good but passable. Two children wished to enter a cinema but alas the price was one penny each and they had but two halfpennies. Following a Heaven-sent inspiration they placed these coins upon the railway line and waited for a train to pass over them to the size of pennies. Came the train, a long fast one. Running to retrieve their coins they found them gone. The train was the Scotch Express.

Salesman. "Yes, madam?"

Madam. "Package of Flotex, thank God."

The Council of a certain Scottish town had reduced the minimum fare on their trams from one penny to a halfpenny. All were satisfied except one man who bewailed the fact that now he only saved a halfpenny by walking.

"Well, and how did you enjoy your honeymoon?"

"I think my wife found it interesting, but you know, well, I've become accustomed to that sort of thing by this time."

Much against his will a man took his daughter to a somewhat lurid show. Long before its conclusion he regretted his action and suggested they leave as it was

quite "too awful." "That's all right, dad," replied the daughter, "It may brighten up a bit before the end".

"How much whisky can a Scotsman drink?"

"Any given amount."

THE DIGNITY OF OFFICE.

Place. Picadilly Circus outside Criterion.

Time. 3 pip emma a few months after Armistice.

I have waited quite one solid hour for one who apparently had no intention of keeping the appointment.

I am raging; murder is in my heart. A perfectly good afternoon ruined. Thousands of officers pass. Because they look not for it, saluting never even occurs to one. One pompous little beast passes and then re-passes looking straight at me. Again he passes and I look calmly upon his dignity of one pip. He stops. I continue in the enjoyment of a cigarette. "Look here, my man, don't you know who I am?"

"Have 'nt the slightest"

"I am an officer, dam it all; can't you see...why did you not salute me?" he spluttered.

"Is that all?; why tell me?; my eyes are in good working order." "Sir you are impertinent...answer my question...why did you not salute me?"

"Suppose I didn't feel like it"

His face grew red as he eyed me from head to foot. All he could say as he spotted my cap badge, was, "Ugh, thought so...Canadian and sailed off to enjoy the pip that had evidently been dished out to him a week or so previous.

"Oh yes, ours is a most efficient Police force" exclaimed the Londoner "quite top-hole... why only yesterday a woman reported the robbery of her purse and in less than half-an-hour it was again in her possession."

"That's nuthin'...why, the other day some dame over in New York said some guy had beat it with her honour...yes sir...an' in ten minutes the cops handed it back to her."

"I want some talcum powder, please."

"Yes, madam. Mennen's?"

"No, smarty, Vimmens"

Said the Englishman. "So immense are our churches that it takes all day to collect the offertory."

Said the American. "Ours are so big that the collection is taken up by Ford cars."

Said the French-Canadian. "we beat you all. Our churches are so big that before a newly married couple get out they were obliged to return for the christening."

Private Smith was on fatigue duty about the married quarters. "Hey," shouts Mrs. Green from a window "take them there sheets off the line for me"

"Go to the Devil" politely replied Private Smith.

In due course he is brought up for office. Because of his good war record the O.C. releases him on condition that he apologizes to Mrs. Green.

Smith returns and sees Mrs. Green at the window.

"Say" he shouts, "you know that fatigue I put yer on yesterday...well, its off."

And so am I.

A clergyman married a very old couple — the bride was 63 and the groom 70. The latter had buried two wives. After the ceremony the bridegroom said, "Weel, minister, I may tell ye she was my first love."

"Aye, I was that," said the woman, "for when I was a lassie o' twenty he used to trot me oot."

After a while the bridegroom became a little more confidential. "Yes, she, she was my first love, and it wud have been better for me if I had married her first. It wud hae saved me twa burials."

Country Visitor (to attendant at British Museum): "I have been looking around for a skull of Oliver Cromwell. Have you no skull of Cromwell here?"

"No, madam," the attendant replied.

"How very odd," exclaimed the woman. "They have a fine one in the Museum at Oxford."

Two cabbies were glaring at each other. "Aw, wot's the matter wiv you?" demanded one.

"Nothinks the matter wiv me."

"You gave me a dirty look," persisted the first, threateningly.

"Well, you 'ave got a nasty look, now you come to mention it, but I didn't give it to you."

"Squire," complained the village speed cop, "if you don't reduce th' fine fer speedin' I'm gonna have to git me another job."

"Reduce th' fines?" demanded the dispenser of justice. "What, is \$10 and costs too much?"

"It must be," was the disgusted reply "Th' cusses air all slowin' up."



Soldiering.]

By F. W. Powell

(Continued)

England

Here were we then at last in England. Without accident had we reached our haven. Once again with no blowing of trumpets had the navy done its little job. The silent service, always on the job, and nothing at all to say about it.

From the boat Plymouth looked very nice and peaceful. Hard to imagine this country was engaged in a big war. The little patchwork fields appeared strange to the Canadian eye accustomed to the bigness of the prairie. Wherever possible people had gathered to give welcome to the first Colonials. Contrary to expectations we did not land. The anchors were run out and for a day or so we kicked our heels in impatience to be off and doing.

At a very early hour next day were we surrounded by boats of all sizes and descriptions filled with the curious who were anxious to see us at close quarters. This eagerness was appreciated by the local boatmen who certainly took advantage of the occasion.

It is better to say that the supply of smokes gave out shortly after leaving Canada. This proved a tremendous hardship. From all appearances there was no intention of re-stocking the canteen. Canadians are nothing if not resourceful. Notes were thrown to the visitors, explaining the situation and asking for something to smoke. In remote cases money was enclosed but most of us completely forgot this little formality. To my intense gratification a parcel came aboard the next morning addressed to me. It contained 500 Gold Flake cigarettes. No name was enclosed so I could not very well thank the good Samaritan. Of course we were something new and war enthusiasm was at its height, but just the same it was jolly decent of these people to relieve us in this manner.

They took us one afternoon ashore for a route march. After three weeks aboard the ground felt good. Naturally, Plymouth turned out en masse to see the Canadians. Their curiosity was equalled by that of the born Canucks who were anxious to see what the English at home were like. At first both were disappointed.

We were not a bit like the Canadians they had expected to see. No cow-boys, no fur coats, no guns. Wash-outs, totally, absolutely un-

like the American movie Canadian. That we were white was another surprise and the fact of our using the English language was nothing short of marvellous. Rapidly recovering from their disappointment they proceeded to give us a warm and hearty welcome. Seemed as though we were surrounded by all the kids in England. They ran all over us in their excitement and to permit one to hold a Ross rifle for a minute or so was to make that one a hero amongst his fellows. Too bad we did not give 'em all away as souvenirs. Up to the Hoe we marched and beside the Drake monument halted. We were on historical ground. Here was it the never-to-be-forgotten game of bowls was finished in the days of long ago. Although permitted to break ranks we were forbidden to move away from the regiment. Feeling hungry I despatched one of the many kinds for some chocolate. A sovereign was the smallest coin I had. He flew away and never returned. It was not a case of mistaken identity, for a face like mine once seen is never forgotten.

Returning to the Lapland we learned we were to entrain that evening. About midnight we left the ship and Plymouth was awakened from its beauty sleep by the tramp tramp tramp of marching soldiers. The funny little trains amused at first sight. Twelve men to each little carriage, six each side. In each compartement was a huge tin of bully beef and a large quantity of hard tack. Were not hungry at all but just the same gorged ourselves on this appetising fare and soon fell asleep.

None knew our destination but when orders came to detrain at West Lavington the worst was known. Salisbury Plains. After quite a long march reached camp where tents were already prepared for occupancy. Ten men to a tent this time. Better but still too crowded. As soon as possible we reconnoitred the country. Salisbury Plains cover a very large tract of ground and it was necessary to get our bearings. Canteens and pubs abounded thank heavens. The people in charge of these places unmercifully soaked those not yet familiar with the English currency, but it must not be forgotten that the Canadian traders at Valcartier had a similar failing.

We discover ourselves located on West Down South. Close beside camp the Bristol Flying School functioned. A deal of building was in progress. The workers were civilians. These proved quite interesting at night after their day's work was done. They would congregate in canteens and pubs whe-

re we joined them in drinking to the accompaniment of "a little 'armony, gentlement, a little 'armony'".

In comparison with Valcartier this camp was a wash-out. Lack of water was a grave fault. If I remember right there was one tap for the regiment. Ridiculous after the lavish way in which water was thrown about at Valcartier. In all, this camp was sadly behind the times while Valcartier was up-to-date. Comparisons, however, are odious, so I'll stop.

Rain

The rains commenced the day following our arrival and continued of and on, for the remainder of our stay in England. England is a wet Country and Salisbury Plain must be the wettest part of the wettest country overseas. At one period we had six continuous weeks of rain. Every blessed article we possessed was soaked; tents, blankets, everything, and yet we suffered no evil effects. Illness did not come until we were moved into huts.

Every day, enterprising London firms sent down travelling departmental stores at which practically anything could be purchased. The great drawback was that it was strictly a cash business. Credit was not even considered. A thriving trade was done in rubber boots. By the way, will some kind soul enlighten me. The five years in the army and the several fives out are not enough to fathom the joke connected with rubber boots and sheep. Whenever a flock of sheep was passed it was inevitable that somebody would ask somebody else if he had brought his rubber boots

along with him. An explanation of this profound joke is requested.

Things called "Waterproofs" sold very well indeed but nothing on earth has yet been invented to resist an English rain that has determined to make you wet and uncomfortable. They also sold heaters. These sould well, but actually raised such a stench in the tent that cold was preferable.

This perpetual rain was ghastly inconvenient. Not until the moment one was ready to depart on leave would it show just what it could do. Personal vanity had caused us to make many purchases of wearing apparel for the sole purpose of giving the eyes of Londoners a treat.

Breeches of wonderful cut and colour and always a large, roomy, immense-peaked, gor-blimey cap were ready to make the perilous passage across the sea of mud to the waiting motor-bus that was to convey us to the station the rain would do its damndest. Much care had been taken with our toilet but just the same it was absolutely necessary to face the rain. The bus departed according to schedule and so did trains. Too bad, for we did look rather well. The new boots had after a deal of coaxing taken upon themselves a brilliant shine. The new puttees made a fine display of a well turned calf even if they were rolled upwards. The spurs, yielding to outside assistance clanked cheerily and the sword belt shone brightly. With all this we would invariably wear both a belt and a bandolier. Too bad there was nothing else to hang about our persons. The question just now, was, how to get all this brightness into the waiting bus that was already honking in pre-

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paration to starting. To walk was fatal. Have seen men carried bodily by their friends and carefully deposited in the bus. Most of us did this however. A pair of socks (good, woollen ones) were pulled over our boots and puttees. After squelching across the sea of mud, you simply removed the socks and left them to decorate the landscape. Socks were plentiful anyway.

Each day a man would be given a few dozen pairs. As stuffing for pillows they prove excellent, but as socks would have made better shirts. Pulled over the head and tied with a piece of pink ribbon they made admirable Balaclava caps. Big, beery-looking individuals invariably affected this vanity, giving themselves thereby, a shy, coy, appearance. The fair hands that knitted the socks meant well but to pay no attention to the matter of size and shape was a sad omission. Socks are, as you doubtless know, intended primarily, as coverings for the feet and lose much of their seemliness when worn as pull-over sweaters.

Leave

Very shortly after reaching the plains I secured six days leave of absence and made London my destination. Upon leaving the orderly tent with the precious "warrant" and my ration of spending money the fact was forced upon me of having far more real friends than I had ever imagined. It was touching at a time such as this to discover the great love so many had for me. Funny part was that this love was never shown previous to the event of leave. Then they simply smothered me with their real concern over my welfare.

Did I know London? Had I anywhere to go? Would I like some introductions to nice people? Would I lend 'em five shilling until pay day? No, most certainly not and at once they deserted me. They lost interest right away. One sergeant there was, very old and very wise had he grown in the service of his country. He was of English origin. A good soldier even though a little weak in the matter of liquid refreshments. When in his cups he was fond of entertaining us in our tent. One particular night he obliged with a species of buck dance. In the excitement of the dance the loss of both sets of his false teeth was not discovered until he had ground them into powder. It was some time before the loss was replaced. Under the circumstances his word of command was somewhat more bewildering than before. Wonder who remembers him? Well, as I

was saying, this chap approached me with a dark scheme. For a consideration, five bob say, he would put me wise to overstaying my leave and getting away with it.

That I should be considered so verdant a green was a hard pill to swallow. Fully intended taking an extra day or two anyway. This I did and am still alive and kicking. Did men actually pay for this privilege. True is it that one is born every minute.

After a hectic time in London and not until broke did I return to the amphibious creatures that once were men. As a result of continuous rain a suggestion of fins was noticeable upon their backs. They seemed pleased to have me amongst them again, rather they were until my failure to execute their many commissions was remarked. It was good policy to make the purchases requested by the S. S. M. provided they did not amount to more than five bob. His memory was a most convenient one, would fail him when most needed.

Many things did I learn during my first leave in London.

I learned that there were no poor people in Canada.

That Canadians were blessed with a most vivid imagination.

That in Canada bank managers were as common as labourers in England.

That each and everyone of us had left extremely responsible positions in order to come across to do our bit.

If privates told these tales wonder to what heights did the officers ascend?

Men from the country always were ranchers. The assumption being, I suppose that the farm labourers were too busy to get away, that is, if we had any such ordinary people in Canada. The city man was either the president of a bank, owner of a railway, stockbroker or, to whisper very gently, simply the manager of a bank.

Obviously the Londoners were simple. Strange that they should swallow it all. Remarkable that they should never ask who swept our streets, drove our tram-cars or even laid bricks for a living. In London we were a rich superior crowd. No hotel was too good for any of us. They say that fools rush in where angels fear to tread; not that this is in any way connected with that I have been talking about. It took time for the Londoner to accustom himself with the sight of a private soldier using hotels reserved hitherto, for the use of the mighty.

A sister of mine living in London had the unique distinction

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of meeting at a friend's house the most wonderful of all Canadians. To meet him I would go a long way. Want ardently to congratulate his originality. He was not a bank-manager neither was he the president of the C.P.R. Just a rancher with a difference. Not cattle. This beautiful, lovely liar conducted most successfully a Gopher Ranch.

As this pest is confined, I think, to the prairie province my Western friends will appreciate this more than those in the East.

Tommy Atkins

The coming of the Canadians produced good results although it is unlikely they lasted long after our departure. In times of peace Tommy Atkins has rather a thin time of it. People, generally speaking, are intensely proud of the British Army, yet, at the same time, the private is kept rigidly in his place. Kipling understood when writing,

"It's Tommy this, and Tommy that, and kick him out the brute,

"but, God bless you, Mr. Atkins, when the guns begin to shoot."

In the West end theatres he was permitted the use of the gallery seats only. If a drink he wants he must not mingle with his betters in the private bars but consort with his equals in the bar reserved for the poorer people. I fancy we changed all this and Tommy Atkins found life more pleasant.

My first experience of this rigid class distinction was at the County Hotel in Canterbury. We intended playing billiards but the elderly attendant almost collapsed at the presumption. Private soldiers, it appeared, were not admitted to this tin-pot hotel for no other reason than that it was the hotel in Canterbury and was frequented by the big men of the town, who could not be expected to rub shoulders with their inferiors. This in 1914. Ye gods it doth amaze me.

Despite his protestations we entered the place and ordered the marker to get busy and spot the balls. He didn't like it at all. His superior air gave place to a crawling attitude when after ordering double Scotch's we tipped him a shilling. During the game an Imperial major strolled in, registered the most complete surprise and quickly retired.

The consternation and scorn on

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the faces of the many brass hats and lesser lights when we entered the dining room was a sight for sore eyes. In their best barrack-square manner did they frown their disapproval but this fact had no visible effect upon our appetites. If looks could kill I would not now be writing this.

All this sounds trivial, perhaps of the Private soldier. Mind you, I think the English Tommy did not resent this attitude at all. But it gives some idea of the status. Realizing the dividing gulf he made no attempt to bridge it. He was content to accept things as they were. Why on earth should he not lift himself up? Provided a man can eat without spoiling the appetites of the other diners, and that he has the necessary money, why on earth can he not dine where he chooses? Why must he use only the lower class places? To a man able to obtain a commission soldiering is a noble profession. It is an altogether different matter if the man is a private. Sounds hard no doubt, but before the outbreak of war the private soldier was almost despised and by all possible means we made to realize his inferiority. The Colonial man in the ranks did not recognize this distinction. He simply would not be sat upon. Being adaptable, he was comfortable anywhere. Consequently the people of England made the surprising discovery that a man could be a gentleman and a private at the same time.

A sort of reformation was brought about and my only hope is that the English Tommy has kept his end up.

The King Sees His Canadians

For the last two hours had we stood in the pouring rain awaiting the arrival of the King and Queen who were to inspect their Canadians. If my memory does not play me false no cloaks were worn and we were soaked to the skin. Naturally there was much "straffing" Beside me was a corporal. He came to the Drags also. Don't think I'll mention his name. He was a cockney but not the one who figured in the blank ammunition episode. Had seen service in South Africa. As a matter of fact, I fancy his ribbons were his only excuse for his promotion. At grousing was he a past master. Today he excelled himself.

His blending of Cockney English with East-side American was priceless and I only wish I could reproduce it with accuracy.

Here goes. I'll have a shot at it. "Oo the bloody 'ell wants ter see the blarsted King?... not me... bet yer sweet life I don't... gives

me a pain in the neck... you can bet yer life 'e aint wet, a'sittin' in his ortomobeel while us bloody fools stay our 'ere catchin' cold... can yer beat it?... Gord, makes me tired, why the bloody 'ell I joined up again... seach me." And so on and so forth.

Came at last the Royal party. They left their car and walked amongst us. The King stopped, shook hands and for a few moments spoke to my neighbor about Africa. Did this corporal respond? Well, rather.

The King had spoken to him, had shaken his hand. "Can yer beat it... didjer see 'im shake 'ands with me... no side to 'im, berlieve me... Hear (now and again the aspirate would land in the proper place) 'im torkin' to me... sure beats me, it does... some king... see 'im walking all about in the rain and gettin' as wet as hus (too bad, a miss-fire this time) some king, take it from me."

It is too much of a strain. I cannot continue. For many months he positively raved about this visit and could never forget he had shaken hands with the King of England.

Human nature is a strange thing is it not? All of us were intensely fed-up but because the King was diplomatic enough to leave his car and face the rain made all the difference. All resentment vanished and very real and hearty were the cheers given for His Majesty the King.

Discord

In treating so well her Colonials, England was apt to forget her own men and that these fellows should have a great love for us was not to be expected. This was left to the female population. Whether it was ourselves or our money matters not. Sufficient that the Colonials found favour in the sight of those fresh-faced girls across the sea. Why should 'nt they?

Another bone of contention was the press of England. So much was made of the troops from overseas that one wondered when the English soldiers would do a little something to justify their existence. Even in those early days the Colonials always had a prominent place in the daily papers. Later on it was even more so. Provided we were the actors a successful trench raid was glorified into a decisive battle. A similar action by their own troops was given a line or two in the baldest language. Can one wonder at their resentment? Not at all, and my wonder is that did not more strenuously object to this unfair treatment.

These chaps were doing glorious things while we were playing at soldiers in England. Life for us was so pleasant that one easily forgot there was such a thing as war. Somewhere in the back of our minds was the hazy recollection that men were getting killed over in France still, for all that, no personal element was present. Those men were simply performing the function for which they received payment. They had had things pretty easy for so many years that the war was a welcome change from the monotony of barrack life. It was not pleasant to read the long casualty lists although it did not come right home. That these men had wives, mothers and children did not occur to us. To be brutally frank it seems as though we hardly regarded these men as human beings. They were part of a machine that fought our battles and glorified our country. This far in the game we could not realize what war meant and because there was no pleasant holiday. Why should these men who were doing such stupendous things "over there" have any great love for us.

Much the same feeling had we for the American troops when first they came over to win the war for us.

To judge the position fairly any Colonial cannot help but wonder why those unapplauded Imperial soldiers were so silent over the glorification of the men from across the sea.

(To be continued)

A teacher, taking a senior class of girls asked if perpetual motion had been discovered. Upon one girl answering in the affirmative, she was asked to give a definition of same.

She replied, "Silk stockings, for when one is not mending or washing them you are buying new ones."

"Somebody told me today that I was good-looking."

"When was that?"

"Today."

"No, I mean when were you good-looking?"

The guests of the Master of Balliol were discussing the careers of two Balliol men; one was a judge and the other a bishop. "I think the bishop is the greater man," said one. "A judge at the most can only say, 'You be hanged.' A bishop can say, 'You be damned.' "Yes," said the other, "but if the judge says 'You be hanged,' you are hanged."

My War Diary.

(Continued)

(Being the daily jottings from the diary of an officer of the regiment from 1914 to 1919.)

Saturday, June 24th—Drucat

Up at 6.30 a.m. Meeting of squadron commanders at 10 a.m. Details re move and divisional scheme tonight. Spent morning in cleaning up, though it rained off and on. At 3.45 paraded and moved off on scheme. Moved to area and jumped trenches, etc. on way out. The squadron dismounted for action at 10 p.m. General Elmsley wired for me as A.D.C. and am going to accept.

Sunday, June 25th

Operations ceased at 12.30 p.m. but we did not reach home until 4 a.m. Breakfast, and then turned in at 5.15. Slept till noon and then got up and had lunch. Saw Colonel re leaving and decided to stick by regiment as I am getting promotion. Rode to Abbeville. Sherwood left to Corps and Straw goes in the morning. Back at 11 p.m. and went to bed. We are

moving tomorrow night. The bombardment has started all along the line.

Monday, June 26th

Up at 6.15 a.m. No parade as we move tonight. Spent the day in cleaning up and getting ready to move. Left at 7 p.m. and marched all night.

**Tuesday, June 27th
Hangst-sur-Somme**

Arrived at 4 a.m. Brigade is billeted here. Saw re feeds and stables and had a bite to eat at 7 a.m. Turned in at 8 a.m. and slept till noon. After lunch got my kit altered and got ready to move on. Left at 6.30 p.m. for our night's march. Brigade rendez-vous at 9 p.m. Passed through Amiens at 11 p.m. Lovely city, and though very dark we got a warm welcome.

Wednesday, June 28th — Bussy

Arrived here at 4 a.m. and found we are billeted in a field all marsh. We pitched our bivvy tent and Timmey and I slept together at 8 a.m. Very wet and raining hard. Only twelve miles from the line. Guns going hard

day and night. Got up at noon and had some bread and tongue in rain for lunch. Issued steel helmets. Took over mess from Grant. Two spies caught. German wireless in Amiens. Colonel told us our objective. Bed early; raining and very muddy.

Thursday, June 29th

Up at 6.45 a.m. Exercise ride for half an hour. Timmis, Moss and Cunningham out on a reconnaissance. Had rifle inspection. Bombardment has ceased except heavy guns, owing to bad weather. Very cold and wintry weather. Issue of rum to men. There are a lot of cavalry here and we are as good as any of them. After dinner turned in early at 8.30 p.m.

Friday, June 30th

Had breakfast. Timmis again went out to reconnoitre the ground over which we are to move to our next halt. Cold and windy weather. Rode out after lunch with one troop and C.O. to fill in trenches to be crossed. Rode to Corby with Moss and saw very old church. Back at 6 p.m. and had dinner. We turned in early as we expect to move at any time. Bombardment continues very fierce.

Saturday, July 1st

Got orders to move at 2 a.m. Moved off at 3 a.m. We were advance guard. Crossed country and over crops in troop column. Reached our point of assembly, Buire, at 8 a.m. Timmis and I rode on to Maulle to reconnoitre for Brigadier. Our heavy batteries were in action there and the roar was terrific. Met wounded on way back. Attack going very well on 20-mile front. Two villages taken. We remained in reserve all day and at 6 p.m. moved back to Bussy as it was nearer railhead. We took first line system on front of 25 miles. Russians also advance. 2500 prisoners came in during the evening. Bed at 11 p.m.

Sunday July 2nd

Up at 8 a.m. and had breakfast. Had rifle inspection. Rode to Amiens with Bowie for lunch. Troops still pushing on all along our front. Second line now point of our attack and doubt if we can be used till the 3rd line is taken. Lots of cavalry here and we are all keen to get into it. The sausage balloons are thick all along our front and we seem to have control

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of the air. Very little German shelling. Bed at 9 p.m.; very tired.

Monday, July 3rd

Up at 7 a.m. Cleaned up the lines and got orders to be ready to move in three hours' notice at any time. News from the front good. Russians took Kolomeo and are pushing on. We took Fricourt at 2 p.m. Exercise ride at 2.30 p.m. Wrote letters and got my things straightened out. Very hot day. Rain came on at sunset and when I turned in at 9 p.m. it was raining hard. Our offensive progressing slowly but surely.

Tuesday, July 4th

Up at 7.30 a.m. Breakfast at 8. General fatigue to clean up the lines. Exercise ride for one hour. It started to rain and poured very hard all the rest of the morning. Lunch at 1 p.m. French are pushing on, so are the Russians. We are held up and have lost some ground which we had taken. It is beginning to look as though the cavalry will not be needed but the French have used some. Played bridge all afternoon as it is still raining. Turned in early to bed. Very wet night.

Wednesday, July 5th

Up at 7 a.m. and had breakfast at 8. Exercise ride at 9 a.m. Put up my bivouac tent and got my things in it. Heard that the Germans had retaken Contalmaison and had cut off 9,000 men of ours. We advanced on the rest of the front. French now only two miles from Peronne. Timmis went up to see his brother in the heavy artillery after lunch. We played "A" Squadron at baseball at 2.30 and won, 17-11. Timmis came back at 7.30 and Newcomen and I went to Amiens for dinner. Saw General Gough. Back at 11 p.m. and turned in.

Thursday, July 6th

Up at 6 a.m. Orderly officer. Breakfast at 8 a.m. Exercise ride and run in the morning. Got orders to form a dismounted company from the regiment in case we go into the trenches on foot. Bowie is in command and I am second in command. There are six platoons per regiment of 50 men and one subaltern each. Bombers are all in one platoon. Sent mess cart to Amiens. Heard rumour Austrian right wing had surrendered. Very little activity on front except artillery fire. Changed our horse-lines.

Friday, July 7th

Up at 7 a.m. Had usual exer-

Reminiscences in Rusty Rhymes.

INTRODUCTORY

In harnessing these cobwebs that oft-times round me float, my object, pure and simple, is desire to feed "The Goat." In perusing my outrageous rhyme, patient reader, pray be lenient. If there's anything offensive it's not meant, but just convenient.

NOW WE'RE OFF

When us old Drags go into camp, the tents of we inferiors
Are often close the road that leads to those of our superiors;
And when "Lights Out" has sounded, and everything is quiet,
The 4.4 gang wants to blow, from old Mattie comes the Fiat.

Dry up youse guys, you're full of wind, but don't begin to
blow it,
Them "Suds" is awful Swipes to take, it licks me how you
stow it.
Wsen some Gink's blowing of his deeds and gets inclined to
stretch 'em,
Says Mattie, "Drop your saxaphone, there goes Big Chief Tee
Stethem."

But settled on our sumptuous couch, with feet toward the pole,
Fierce Mattie tells some stirring tales about the "Better 'Ole."
At length there comes a footstep that is known to us quite well,
Says Mattie, "Now youse Guys, dry up, there goes the Curfew
'Bell' "

If Bainsfather had but known it when he wrote his famous play,
He missed some fine material when he did not come our way.

We've a glorious "silver-tongued quartette," now well known
to fame,
Each honoured with the sobriquet of some historic name;
Jno. Copeland is Jack Dempsey; Rudolph Valentino, Gill;
Patrick Hogan, De Valera, and Mattie Mat "Old Bill."

And there are others worthy mention as they pass me in review,
Who, as quickly as I grasp them, I will introduce to you.
Some have passed; some are present; some have gone their
various ways,
But are recalled to memory by some scene of bygone days.

There's our old "Four-in-hand Expert" in the old days of High
Park,
He never wanted headlights, he could drive them in the dark.
That's our old friend, "Jim (Major) Widgery," and when he
got 'em in full swing
The wind would whistle round your lugs, and Lord, how he
could sing.

In reviewing comrades of the past I'm near forgetting names,
But here's greeting to Caps. Hammond, Berteau, Wood and
James,
And our gallant sport, "The Major," who in his pack still
holds a trump,
When Old Pegasus "General Toby" takes him flying o'er
the jump.

cise ride. We got orders to have
"stand to" on two hours' notice.
It began to rain hard and very
soon everything was a sea of mud.
Our offensive was abandoned on
account of the weather and our
troops consolidated ground won.
Went for ride in afternoon and
met several Indian officers. Wrote
some letters. Russian offensive is
now launched against the Germans

and is highly successful. They
broke two lines and took 10,000
more prisoners. French are doing
splendid work.

In these days we are not so
much concerned about loving our
neighbours as we are about keep-
ing up with them.

'Tis long since Major Bowie and I were at the parting of the ways,
But I greet him as a comrade and friend of the old days.
There's another cobweb passing—I must grasp it ere it fades—
Paired up as "Tich" and shorty (Major) S. on garrison church parade.

There was Piper "Jimmie" Thompson, better known to us as "Tank,"

When loaded to the "plimsol mark" he sure could put on swank.
We still have lean Jock Henderson, a Wirey Scottie boy,
And if given proper nourishment he's still the real McCoy.

And old comrade Rodd McCallum, who died a warrior true,
He surely could be funny when he posed as "Rhoderick Dhu."
In the past we had Phil Calway amongst our football cracks,
In the present we've Frank Harding, both Dreadnaughts as full-backs.

And young Sprent, the expert umpire, when he donned his Joseph's coat,
He would give you l.b.w. if you tried to get his goat.
And good old comrade Merrix, you remember him, "Old Pete,"
In his wallet he'd a mallet to knock the stirrups off his feet.

There was Q.M.S. "Red" Dinny Dunne, for reasons of his own
Proposed to have the mess bar shifted that he could reach the telephone.

And Tommy Thompson, Orderly Sergeant, who was never known to drink,
Showed the prisoner as Orderly Officer and the O.O. in the clink.

And King's Sergeant "Ikey" Beaton, a warrior bold and gay,
Who hated a bootegger like our goat likes new mown hay.
We've Prof. Madden, the interpreter, Fred Ackerman, the scribe,
John Duff, regimental charioteer and witch doctor to the tribe.

McLean who runs our dry goods store and measures us for grub,
And old Simmie, his assistant, who's developing a tub.
Paddy Walsh, the great historian, elocutionist Pat Doyle,
Charlie Smith, the cribbage wizard, who plays it a-la-Hoyle.

Mac Wardell, the Bohemian, who stays with us awhile,
And Jack Dowdell, the deadly cueist, who showed me pace and style.

And my particular pal "Hoppy," whom I have not seen for years,

When he lost he'd throw his cue away and upset all the chairs.

Many others I could mention, but it takes so very long,
So I think I'll push the button before I get in wrong;
My attic's getting Parky, so I'm off to don my coat,
And search for old provender to satisfy the Goat.

—"Old Sim," 35 Parkside Drive, Toronto.

The Historic Richelieu Valley

(By Major the Rev A. H. Moore, M.A.)

Part IV.

Canada's First Railway

More striking, perhaps, is the fact that the first bit of railway in Canada, the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain was built to connect St. Johns on the Richelieu with La Prairie on the St. Lawrence. The charter for this road was granted in 1832. There were 74 proprietors in the company, which had an authorized capital of £50,000. Louis Papineau strongly opposed government ownership of railways when this charter was being discussed. The prospectus proposed to carry passengers of the new railway at the unprecedented speed of 10, 12 and even 15 miles per hour. The rails were of wood overlaid with sheet iron. Construction began in 1835. The road had a five feet six inches gauge. The first train was drawn over the line on July 21st, 1836.

The little engine, called the "Dorchester," weighed only 12,544 pounds. It was built in England and brought by barge from New York to St. Johns. A few days before the official opening of the road on the date named above, it sustained an accident and it was deemed advisable to attach to it only two of the passenger cars, while the others were drawn by horses. Some three hundred persons, including the Earl of Gosford and other high officials, were present to take this first trip over a Canadian railway. The rolling stock of the road consisted of the engine, four passenger cars each carrying eight persons, and of twenty freight cars, with a capacity of about ten tons each. It was a gala day for St. Johns. During its early career horses had to be stationed on certain grades to help the engine out when it got stalled. This railway supplied a link in the passenger and freight service up the Hudson from New York, across Lake Champlain and down the Richelieu to St. Johns. There is no perceptible fall in the river Richelieu from the lake to St. Johns, a distance of over twenty miles, and the Indians used to call St. Johns the foot of the lake.

We have now to turn from the time of peaceful development of wide areas along the Richelieu into thriving settlements and smiling farms, to troublous times that were caused by internal dissension,

strife and open rebellion. When searching the archives of the Parish of St. Johns a few years ago I was forcibly reminded of the connection of the Richelieu valley with the rebellion of 1837-38 from the very beginning of the trouble. I came across a letter from the Montreal authorities to a St. Johns justice of the peace, bearing date Nov. 17th, 1837, advising of the rescue of Demaray and Davignon by about 200 armed inhabitants within a mile and a half of the ferry at Longueuil, and instructing him to arrest these men if possible, offering a reward of \$100 each, and more if necessary for their capture. This letter sent me to the records of these times, for before reading it I was of the opinion of a Montreal journalist with whom I was talking a short time ago, that the trouble at that time in this province centred around St. Eustache on the north shore of the St. Lawrence. I soon found that the storm centre lay along the Richelieu, but can only give the barest outline here of these historic events.

For some time a conflict for supremacy had been going on between the popular legislative assembly and the executive of the Government that was appointed by the Crown. Louis Joseph Papineau, a great orator of fine presence, but a man of unpardonable indiscretion, was the popular leader of the French-Canadian majority. A few English malcontents allied themselves with him, Dr. Wilfred Nelson being the leading instance, and the bungling and indecision of the British Colonial Office added to the difficulties of Lord Dalhousie, who refused to confirm Papineau's appointment as speaker of the popular assembly. Papineau preached sedition, the Roman Catholic clergy tried in vain to curb his arrogance, and finally warrants were issued for the arrest of the leaders.

Soon after the arrest of Demaray and Davignon, postmaster and doctor of St. Johns, for high treason, and their rescue at Longueuil, the whole district along the lower Richelieu was seething with open rebellion. The rescue of these two greatly encouraged the insurgents, and under the spell of Louis Papineau's oratory and Dr. Wilfred Nelson's leadership, the soon created a formidable situation. Nelson, Papineau and Grown were wanted for high trea-

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son, and they decided to resist arrest. Colonel Gore led a force from Sorel towards St. Denis, Nelson's headquarters, where his tricolour flag of rebellion was unfurled. The insurgents captured Lieut. Jack Weir, who was carrying despatches, and his mutilated body was afterwards recovered. This brutal murder revealed to the Government leaders the serious nature of the uprising. Even though Nelson was able to stave off Col. Gore's attack upon St. Denis and escape arrest, this murder of Lieut. Weir placed him and his followers out of court. Wetherall marched from Chambly against Nelson with a strong force. He captured the stockade fort of the rebels at Saint Charles, his troops bitterly avenged the murder of Lieut. Weir, and the rebel forces dispersed. Papineau beat an ignominious retreat, Brown following his example, and Nelson, after satisfying himself that his position was hopeless, tried to escape but was captured in the Eastern Townships and brought to the Montreal jail.

The British force that put down this first rebellion in Lower Canada was made up mainly of English volunteers, but a few loyal French volunteered. The feeling against the French volunteers was exceedingly bitter, and one Joseph Chartrand, a volunteer private of the parish of St. Johns, was barbarously murdered by Nicholas and Daunais, who in the following year suffered the extreme penalty of the law for their crime. Not so, however, the murderer of Lieut. Jack Weir. By a perversion of justice that shocked the patriots and precipitated a riot in Montreal Weir's murderer was acquitted by a divided jury. The Imperial Government, with that utter failure to correctly estimate a Canadian situation that so often brought unhappy results, refused to allow capital punishment of captured insurgents, and the leniency with which offenders were treated was no small cause of the trouble that broke out in the following year. In 1838 the country along and to the west of the Richelieu was again ablaze with rebellion.

During the early part of that year a society known as the Chasseurs was organized. Its secret lodges spread all over the district. Its aim was the extermination of the hated English through a general uprising of the French. It has been estimated that these Chasseur lodges had a membership of 3,000 in Montreal alone. The utmost secrecy was maintained and when trouble broke out in November of that year the authorities were taken almost by surprise.

The rising was general throughout all the district lying west of the Richelieu. It was put down in Chateauguay and on the upper St. Lawrence, but on the upper Richelieu and near the border a serious situation developed. Robert Nelson, a brother of Wilfred, had unfurled a new rebel flag at Napierville, a white ensign bearing two blue stars, and while his original plan was to march on St. Johns, capture it and use it as his headquarters, he decided to march on Odelltown, where Colonel Taylor had collected some units of local militia. Sir John Colborne was advancing towards Napierville with a strong force, and Nelson deemed it the better part not to get too far away from the American frontier. At Odelltown, near Lacolle, Colonel Taylor was forced to take up a position in a stone church, 40 by 50 feet, with his little band of 200 men, while Nelson led against him upwards of 1,200 insurgents, many of them armed with new rifles which Nelson had just brought across from the United States. Here, on Nov. 9th, 1838, was fought a battle that had far-reaching effects. Again and again the insurgents tried to dislodge the defenders of the church and churchyard, but the stubborn courage of the British race was seen at its best as these loyalists encountered the rebels against lawful authority. They held a seemingly hopeless position, but were the favourites of fortune. Just as their ammunition was running out a dense snow storm, that should have been the occasion for a rush of the attacking force, was used to replenish their supplies. Scriver, expected with reinforcements from Hemmingford, had not arrived. Across the Richelieu, at Caldwell Manor, Capt. Vaughan heard the firing, and hastily collecting his men, he crossed the river and was seen approaching the besieged church. The insurgents lost all courage, deemed themselves foiled, never stopped to count the little body of reinforcements, but beat a precipitate retreat across the border. The day had been won, and again in the vicinity of Lacolle the last shot of a series of military operations that had troubled Lower Canada died away in distant echoes. It is to such an incident in our military annals that we must look for the "live rampart" that the sons of the Richelieu valley have erected to intercept and oppose the enemies of liberty and freedom.*

*The centennial of the Methodist Church at Odelltown, around which this stubborn fight took place, was celebrated recently. The little stone church stands in its rural setting as a monument to the heroic defenders of

constitutional government and British supremacy in 1838. It deserves to be marked as one of the historic sites of Canada.

(To be continued)

Personal & Regimental

(St. Johns)

Among the guests of the station who came to witness the mounted sports was a contingent of officers of the Royal Canadian Regiment, who motored from the Connaught Ranges, Ottawa, where they are attending the Canadian Small Arms School, consisting of Major W. Neilson, D.S.O., Capt. V. Hodson, Major H. L. N. Salmon, M.C., Capt. A. Nicholls, M.C., and Lieut. A. R. Roy.

Major and Mrs. H. L. N. Salmon have finally left St. Johns on transfer to Halifax, on October 6th. We have already expressed our regrets in regard to their departure.

On Friday, October 8th, 1926, Brig.-Gen. C. J. Armstrong, C.B., C.M.G., V.D., paid a farewell visit to the Cavalry Barracks prior to his departure to London, Ont., on transfer. He lunched with the officers in the mess, and afterwards bid adieu to all ranks of the garrison, on parade. Prior to his valedictory remarks, he presented the Canadian Cavalry Association Proficiency Cup to 2nd Troop, also an Honourary Testimonial from the Royal Canadian Humane Society to Tpr. F. Fryer, R.C.D.

In his farewell remarks the General spoke most feelingly in appreciation of the loyal support rendered to him by all troops of the garrison, and requested that this same loyal support be given to his successor. He was given three rousing cheers, and afterwards personally bid adieu to all members of the Sergeants' Mess.

The annual inspection of the garrison by our new District Officer Commanding, Brig.-Gen. W. B. M. King, C.M.G., D.S.O., V.D., took place on October 18th and 19th. "A" Squadron paraded mounted in the morning and dismounted in the afternoon, whilst the inspection of "D" Company, R.C.R., also took place on the morning of October 18th. On the 19th he inspected the stables, hospital, Q.M. stores, etc. On Monday evening, October 18th, a dinner was held in the Officers' Mess in his honour, at which Major Bowie, in a few informal remarks, heartily welcomed him as our new D.O.C.

A farewell dinner, followed by a dance, was held in the Officers' Mess on Tuesday evening, October 19th, to bid adieu to Major and Mrs. Bowie, prior to their departure for England. Thirty-two ladies and gentlemen were present for dinner, and other guests came in for the dancing. After the toast to "The King" had been proposed, Capt. Drury, in a few brief remarks, stated . . . "that it was approximately seven years since the officers of "A" Squadron, R.C.D., returned to St. Johns to occupy their old quarters after the war. On the first night of their arrival Major and Mrs. Bowie had invited the officers to dinner with them, and ever since that date the door of their quarters has been left open to any officer of the garrison whenever they wished to walk in and say "Hello". During those seven years many officers had joined or left the station and of the originals Major Bowie and himself (Capt. Drury) were the only two remaining, but together they had attended many such dinners to welcome or bid adieu to officers on joining or on transfer or retirement, but this gathering was of a somewhat different nature and was only to bid "au revoir" to Major and Mrs. Bowie, who were going to England for about six months, where Major Bowie had been selected to attend the Senior Officers' School, and to be attached to our sister regiment, the Royals, and to the War Office, and he wished them a pleasant journey, a happy time in England, and a safe return to St. Johns. The health of Major and Mrs. Bowie was then drunk to the singing of "For they are Jolly Good Fellows," etc. Major Bowie replied briefly, and the guests adjourned to the ante-room to carry on with the dance. Major and Mrs. Bowie left St. Johns on Thursday, October 21st, and sailed the following morning on the S.S. "Aurania."

Capt. G. F. Berteau has arrived in St. Johns on transfer from Toronto, and assumed temporary command of "A" Squadron. Mrs. Berteau and her daughter are due to arrive at the end of the month and will occupy quarters in town. We extend to them a very hearty welcome to St. Johns.

A detail of two officers and fourteen other ranks left St. Johns on Sunday, September 26th, to act as escort for the out-going and incoming Governor-Generals in Quebec. Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., was in charge of the escort, and Capt. F. Berteau was the other officer.

Old Comrades.

Capt. R. B. LeBlanc visited St. Johns on October 19th and attended the dinner to Major and Mrs. Bowie.

Major R. B. Nordheimer, M.C., has severed his connection with the Alfon E. Bahr Insurance Co. in Chicago, and is now manager of the Spur and Saddle Club, the second largest riding club in Chicago. His new address is c/o the Chicago Spur and Saddle Club, 2434 Bergwyn Ave., Chicago, Ill., U.S.A.

We note from recent Militia Orders that our old friend and comrade, Major N. Medhurst who recently left Toronto for the west, has joined the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada, and is detailed for duty as assistant adjutant.

Sports

"A" Squadron Mounted Sports

The annual mounted sports of "A" Squadron, R.C.D., were held at the Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns on Saturday, September 25th. Elaborate preparations were made for a banner day but we were all greatly disappointed when the day dawned cold and rainy. However, as our friends from the American army post at Fort Ethan Allen had sent down two horses especially to compete in the officers jumping event, and that the band of the Royal Highlanders of Canada was coming down for the afternoon, it was thought better not to postpone the sports, and they started promptly at 2.30 p.m. in the midst of a downpour of rain. Competition was exceedingly keen in spite of the bad footing, which rendered the jumping event extremely fluky. There were many slips but fortunately no mishaps.

The first event was tent-pegging, won by L/Cpl. Cullinan, Tpr. C. W. Clark, second, and L/Cpl. Fraser third.

The Remount Jumping Class was especially interesting, and the performances put up warrant great credit to those responsible for their training during the last six months. This event was won by Cpl. McKerrall, with L/Cpl. Fraser second and Cpl. Boucher third.

The Musical Chairs for recruits under six months' service was won by Tpr. Mauchan, with Troopers

Story and Hebert second and third respectively.

There were large entries in the class for Other Ranks Jumping, and this event was followed with great interest, owing to the fact that the contestants were competing for the cups presented by Allen Case, Esq., to the Sergeants and Mens Messes, which had not previously been competed for. Sgt. Instr. Hopkinson, on "Mickey," put up an excellent performance in winning the event, and the honour of having his name engraved as the first winner in Sergeants Mess jumping contest. Cpl. Green, on "Billy" was placed second in the event, and so won the Men's Mess jumping contest. L/Cpl. Fraser was third.

There was a large number of entries for the V.C. Race, which had to be decided by running several heats. Cpl. McKerrall, Cpl. Green and Tpr. Mundell being the ultimate winners.

The Officers Open Jumping Class probably attracted the most interest of any event of the day, because, owing to the presence of American officers, it created international competition, and also the highest placed Officer of "A" Squadron, R.C.D., would be the holder of the Van Straubenzee Memorial Cup for this year. Lieut. Chase, of the 3rd U.S. Cavalry, on "AEROPLANE", who was regarded as the favourite, as a result of his past performance at Fort Ethan Allen, was the first contestant, and although he put up an excellent exhibition the slippery footing seemed to worry his mount and he had several faults against him. Major, Sawers of "DOLLY" (the previous holder of the Cup) also received several faults, and Capt. Hammond on "WITCHRAFT", on whom we had based our hopes of victory, had the misfortune after taking five jumps without a fault, to have three refusals to be ruled out. Capt. Ferrin, of 7th, U.S. Field Artillery, deservedly received the hearty applause of the spectators, when he circled the course, with one touch in front, making a penalty of one fault, and was followed by Major, Bowie on "BILLY", who put up a very fine performance for one and a half faults. Capt. Drury, on "MICKEY", was the last entry, and the delight of the spectators, circled the course with two touches behind, totalling one fault, and tying with Capt. Ferrin. Capt. Drury was declared the winner of the Van Straubenzee Cup, and then proceeded to ride off for first place in the event with Capt. Ferrin, and succeeded in negotiating the round with a perfect performance. Capt. Ferrin in his jump off, came



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to grief and landed astride the stone wall, and was placed second, with Major Bowie third.

The Van Straubenzee Memorial Cup, was presented to the Officers of "A" Sqn, R.C.D. for annual jumping competition in memory of the late Lt. Col. C. T. Var Straubensee, R.C.D. by Allen Case Esq., and exofficer of the Squadron, in 1923, and the following names are now engraved upon it:

"Major E. L. Caldwell, R.C.D. on "MICKEY", 1923.

"Major R. B. Nordheimer, M.C. R.C.D., on "POLLY", 1924.

"Capt. M. H. A. Drury, R.C.D. on "MICKEY", 1926.

This makes the second win for our veteran jumpers "MICKEY" who more than distinguished himself by winning the two main jumping events of the day, with Capt. Drury in the Officers jumping, and Sgt. Instr. Hopkinson in the Other Ranks. The Wrestling on Horse back was won by the 1st Troop, and the final and most spectacular event of the day, the Hurdle race, over a course of about one and a half miles, across country, was won by Cpl. Green on "BILLY", with Tpr. Clark second and Tpr. Gilmore third.

Cpl. Green giving a total of eleven points is the winner of the Challenge Cup, for the N.C.O., or

Man, gaining the highest number of points, for the day, whilst Cpl. McKerrall, with ten points to his credit, was a close second. Prizes were awarded for the winners in each event, and ribbons awarded for the first, second and third.

In spite of the inclement weather and enthusiastic crowd of spectators were on hand, including many visitors from Fort Ethan Allen Vermont, and Montreal.

The band of the Royal Highlanders of Canada, who were placed under a Marquee, rendered excellent music throughout the afternoon, and the courtesy of Col. Stanton Mathewson, DSO, by whose kind permission they were able to be present, was greatly appreciated. They were under the command of their Director of Music, Lieut. Jones, to whom we express our thanks for the courteous manner in which he and the members of his band endeavoured to carry out all our wishes under most trying circumstances.

Previous to the sports, a luncheon was served in the Officers Mess for the convenience of the Officers and Ladies from Montreal who had come down to witness the sports.

Afternoon tea was also served in the Officers Mess, at which the guests were received by Mrs. D. B. Bowie, and an informal dance was

held in the evening.

The Mens Mess entertained their friends in the evening by holding their first dance of the season. The Barrack's Orchestra were on hand and from all reports we may look forward to a very enjoyable series of dances during the coming winter.

FOOTBALL

The football season has drawn to a close in St. Johns leaving the Squadron in possession of the two trophies awarded for the championship of each half of the season. In the last game the R.C.D. easily accounted for the Windsor team. There was not a great deal of interest taken in the closing game, because no matter what the outcome the Drags. were assured of winning the cup, owing to Windsor making a present of two forfeited points to the Hart Battery.

We have not had the best of luck with our team this year. Injuries to players and unavoidable absences on duty of many men have tended to weaken the team on many occasions during the year. However the various substitutes have risen to the occasion when called upon, and on numerous occasions have outclassed the regular players.

The names of the champion team

are: Sgt. Langley, Tpr. Beetham, Sgt. Campbell, Tpr. Gilmore, Capt. Hammond, Tpr. Dawkes, Tpr. Guy, Tpr. Wheeler, Sgt. Hopkinson, Tpr. Wheeler, Tpr. Rowe, Tpr. Dooley, Sgt. Harris, Sgt. Sheehy, Tpr. Allingham, Tpr. McDonald, Tpr. English and Tpr. Cornwall. Team Manager, S. M. Smith. Captain Tpr. Gilmore.

RESULTS OF CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION CLASSES 1926

4' 6" Class

Col. Walker Bell's "Lady Athol" won 1st with a clean performance, there being four clean performances which have to be run off again.

Lieut. W. G. D. Chadwick on "Jerry" had one fault.

Major R. S. Timmis on "General Toby" two faults.

Hunt Teams

In the Hunt Teams the "A" Team, R.C.D. made best performance and were placed 2nd to the Mr. Fleming's high priced imported team. The "A" Team consisted of:

Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., on Beucaphalus.

Major W. Baty, on Bobs.

Capt. S. C. Bate. on General Toby.

In the heavy weight qualified hunters, Major Timmis got the best performance on "General Toby" and was placed 2nd to an imported horse.

In the Pen Jump "Beucaphalus" had had the bad luck of making her one mistake which put her out of the running. In the last performance of the Horse Show on Saturday 4th September 1926, Colonel Walker Bell won 2nd and 3rd in the Ladies Hunter Class with "Lady Athol" and Apple of Solom respectively.

In the last event of the evening, the open class for best hunter over a special course, in which there was a large entry, Major Timmis got the best performance on "General Toby" and 2nd best on "Beucaphalus", and these two were placed 2nd and 3rd in the awards, each losing one place for confirmation to the horse that made 4th best performance.

The maid had been on her first charabanc ride and was describing the delights of the country to her mistress. "And we saw," she said, "such a beautiful bird on a hedge, coloured and all—would it be a cocktail?"

Solicitor, to a woman at Tun-

bridge Wells—"You are a bit of a fighter. You attack your husband?"

Woman — "I give him a good hiding when he deserves it."

When the agent for the life insurance company paid Mrs. Jones the insurance on her late husband's life, he asked her to take out a policy on her own life.

"I believe I will," she said, "my husband had such good luck with his."

"Take two letters from money and 'one' will be left."

"Is that a joke?"

"Yes."

"Well, I know of a man who took money from two letters and it was no joke. He got twelve months."

A lady handed the ticket collector a half ticket for her boy. He looked at the boy and said: "He is rather a tall boy for half fare."

"Yes," replied the mother, "it was all right when I first bought it, but you see he has grown very much since we started."

Employer: "True, I advertised for a strong boy. Do you think you will suit?"

Bright Lad: "Well, I've just finished licking nineteen other applicants out in the street."



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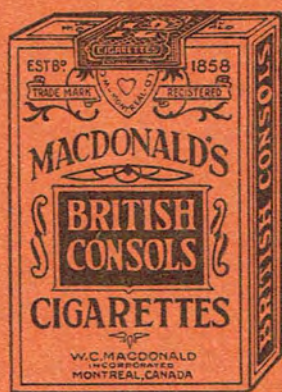
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